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# Sheppard IN ÆGYPT,

## OR

## *News from the Dead.*

BEING

A LETTER from **John Sheppard** to **Frisky Moll**, and his **Executor**.

Giving a most entertaining ACCOUNT of his Arrival and Reception at **Styx**, with sundry remarkable Adventures as have happened to himself, to **Blueskin** and **Poussare** the *French* Barber, and to many other defunct **Robbers**, **Murderers**, and **Traitors**, &c.

TOGETHER

With the CENSURES passed on the late **Night Scene** of **Harlequin Sheppard** and the Play of *Cæsar* in *Ægypt* at the **Shades**.

ALSO

A Poetic Epistle from **Charon** to **Jonathan Wil—d**, with many other curious Particulars.

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*LONDON:*

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# John Sheppard

FROM THE

# SHADES

TO HIS

# EXECUTOR.

*Dear* SIR,

NOtwithſtanding the great Care and Pains, taken by your ſelf, and my Confeſſor, here I am: Though 'tis no more than I expected; after I found the laſt Effort diſcover'd, and prevented by the plaguy Hand-cuffs. However, I acknowledge

my ſelf much oblig'd, to thoſe *Hearty Cocks*, who waited at *Turn-ſtile* for me with their Truncheons, and likewiſe to *Houſſare* for his Pen-knife, though it prov'd as uſeleſs to my Purpoſe as *Blue-kins*'s did. My Thanks and a good Fortune attend the kind *Soldier*, who with his broad Sword, did ſo expeditiouſly ſever me from the *Gallows*. I hope you have Aſſets left in your Hands, to reward him well for his Diligence. But alas, all prov'd in vain, for the ſtupid Rabble, (though all my Friends) did ſo worry about my poor Carcaſs, to preſerve it from the *Surgeons*, that they almoſt diſjointed me; the painful Conſequences whereof, do I feel to this very Hour. If all this could have been prevented; and due Care have been taken, as *a Touch with a Lancet, a warm Bed, and a Cordial*, ; in great probability I might have been brought into *Statu quo*: But it was your Buſineſs, and Intereſt to deſert me. I had come down *Matter* for a *Six-penny Pamphlet*, beſides a *Sheet* and *half*, and the Preſſes all at Work; wherefore you prudently acted like a Man for the one World, as I had acted like a Man for the other.

Although

Although the worſt has happen'd, you ſhall ſtill find me a Man of Honour, in keeping my Word, and writing to you by the firſt Opportunity; for according to your Requeſt, I have kept an exact Journal of all my Tranſactions, ever ſince the Hour of my *Exit*.

No ſooner was the *Operation* over, and they had *tipt me Juſtice*; but I found my ſelf in Company with a *'Change-Alley Broker*, a *Harlot* of the *Hundreds*, who had popt off in a Salivation, two *Pariſh Overſeers*, a *Barriſter* at Law, and a Brigade of *Half-pay Officers* of ſeveral Nations; the laſt ſwearing and ranting, as though they had been at Hazard at *How—lis*, or *Luff—ham*'s: So that I thought my ſelf to be well off; and had gotten into better Company than I expected. They were all very curious to know my Name, Occupation and Nation, and complain'd of a confounded ſtrong Scent of a Halter; but I anſwered them not, and kept my ſelf to my ſelf.

We were all hurried along through a forlorn Place, which ſeem'd to be overſpread with pitchy Clouds, and lowering Darkneſs; the *Lawyer* ſwearing,

That if we did not haſten, the *Ferry-Boat* would be gone: Which put me in great hope, that we were bound for *Weſtminſter-Horſe-Ferry*; where I ſhould once more have a view of my old Repoſitory, the little *Stable* for ſtoln Goods.

We had not been gone half a Mile, when there follow'd ſuch an hideous Out-cry, as put me into a bodily Fear; for I perſwaded my ſelf with nothing leſs, than that *W—ld. Lang—y, Auſt—n*, with the whole *Poſſe* of *Newgate* were in purſuit of me, and begun to fumble in my Pocket for Piſtols, but found my ſelf diſappointed; and beſmear'd my Hand with the Blood as *Wat——n*, had ſhed in my Pocket in the *Preſs-yard*, when he *filed* me of the Pen-knife: But this Fear was preſently over, the Company behind us appearing to be a only a Gang of *Monmouth-ſtreet Saleſmen* and *Taylors*, who had like our ſelves, but juſt ſtript off the Garments of Mortality.

New and ſtrange Objects, appear'd every Moment to my View; and I found that I had nothing of a real Subſtance left, but was reduced to what I beheld

beheld the reſt, which did not a little grieve me, to think how I had left the dear *Hundreds* of *Drury*, and my more dear Friends and Acquaintance, as *Beſs Meggot*, *Friſky-Moll*, *&c.* for I abſolutely concluded, I was in no Capacity of returning to viſit them any more.

I perceived innumerable Forms or rather Phantoms, which were carried away with every puff of Wind; which made me conjecture they were not real Subſtances, but Aerial Wanderers, who had uſurp'd humane Shapes, or that the imperfect Light made them appear ſuch. Through innumerable Troops of them Methought we paſs'd, till we came into a large Road, which at laſt divided it ſelf into a thouſand Windings and Ways, all of them leading to the Inf—l Regions.

My Surprize and Terror was inexpreſſible, when I found we were arrived on the Banks of the River *Styx*, inſtead of thoſe of the *Thames*; where an old terrible looking *Raſc—l*, Maſter of the *Ferry-Boat*, far more dreadful to behold than a Keeper of *Newgate*, or *Bridewell*, declar'd with a moſt bloody Oath, that *Here was* Sheppard. In an Inſtant

Inſtant the Banks were lin'd with Legions, which reminded me of the laſt *L—d M—r's Day*, when in Company of three *Doxies*, I was on the *Southwark* Side of the River, diverting our ſelves with the paſſing of the City Barges to and from *Weſtminſter*. The Place was nothing but Noiſe and Uproar, ſome crying out *what an inſignificant Animal I lookt like*, others *wondering that ſuch a dimunitive Wretch, ſhould be capable of cauſing ſuch Diſturbances in the upper and lower Regions, &c.*

When they had landed me on the other Side of the Lake, I was received by a ſtrong Detachment of *Lucifer's* Life-Guards, commanded by bloody *Kirk* of the *Weſt*, and conducted to the Gates of a diſmal Gloom; when on a ſudden, there iſſued forth a Voice louder by ten times than Thunder, or the Diſcharge of a Million of roaring Cannons; ſaying, Sheppard's *come*, Sheppard's *come*, *prepare*, *prepare*; **Make Way for the King of Villains, Thief of Thieves, Conquror of Stone and Steel, Son of Eternal Night, Immortal Houſe-Breaker, and Goal-Breaker.** This you may imagine ſounded more dreadful than my

Repriſal

Repriſal at *Finchly*, or in *Drury-Lane*, or an *Old Bailey* Sentence.

I was immediately hurried into the *Lodge*, where old *Cerberus* began about my Ears, and worried me in as bad a Manner, as *P——y* did, when I was laſt brought back to *Newgate*; and in leſs than the twinkling of an Eye, I was ſurrounded with a Crowd of *Cut-Throats*, *Duelliſts*, *Homicides*, and *Aſſaſſines*, that I could ſcarce get leave to fetch my Breath for them.

They were ſcarce withdrawn, than ſeveral Thouſands of *Bailiffs*, *Sollicitors*, *Talley-men*, and *Affidavit-men*, were in upon me: Numbers of them declaring, that they knew me well, and had ſeen my Face an Hundred and an Hundred Times over, within and about the *Bills of Mortaltiy*.

A Legion of *Limners* and *Sculptors*, had environ'd me in an Inſtant, all of them fell to nibbling at my *Phyz*, with their Pencils, which made me incline to believe, I had gotten back into the *Middle-Stone-Room* of *Newgate*.

The

The News of my Arrival being diſpatch'd by an Expreſs to Prince *Belzebub*, at one of his Country Seats, there ſoon came Orders for ſecuring me; and aſſigning me Quarters in the Centre of his Dominions, to prevent all Attempts of eſcaping; and a Day was appointed for my ſolemn Examination before his Sooty Majeſty.

I was conducted thither in the greateſt State, being guarded by three hundred Puny *D——lls*, with Prongs and Pitch-forks upon their Shoulders; followed by a numberleſs Throng of *High-way-men*, *Houſe-Breakers*, *Goal-Breakers*, *Hangmen*, and *Pick-Pockets*, of all Nations: After we had travell'd three Days and as many Nights, we arriv'd at the End of our Journey, where we were met bv a Gang of *Banditti*, with a huge, raw-bon'd Fox-colour'd Fellow, at their Head, who I was given to underſtand, was *Rob. Roy*, the famous *Highland* Thief and Rebel, and to whoſe Cuſtody I muſt be committed. *Roy* call'd out immediately for a luſty Pair of Hand-cuffs, for the more effectual ſecuring of his Priſoner, till *Cartouche*, a more civiliz'd and polite Robber interfer'd;

fer'd; and his Intereſt being very prevalent, I got off of the Manacles.

Compliments of Congratulation arriv'd hourly from all Quarters; and there came a Deputation from the **Murderers**, deſiring to know at what time, I would pleaſe to be waited on by their Fraternity in a full Body. I pleaded, That the Fatigue of my Journey had render'd me incapable of receiving their Civilities at preſent; and excus'd my ſelf in that manner, as being more willing to give the Preferance to thoſe of my own Profeſſion, the **Houſe-breakers**; and accordingly, *Jack Hall*, *Stephen Bunch*, *Joe Hatfield*, *Peter Curtis*, *cum multis aliis*, did attend me in their Formalities; and I receiv'd them with particular Tokens of Kindneſs and Eſteem.

Next entr'd the **Highway-men**, led up by the *Golden-Farmer*, *Butler*, *Nodes*, *Holloway*, *Carick*, *Duce*, *Levee*, *Oaky*, *&c.* their Train I thought was endleſs; theſe I receiv'd in the like reſpectful Manner.

The **Traitors** were the next in Turn to Audience; I ſend Word out, that the *Moderns* only would be acceptable; wherefore came tripping in little *Jack Matth—s* the *Printer*, and *Jemm. Sh—p—rd* the *Coach-Painter*, follow'd by *Juſ—e H—ll*, *P—ſ—n P—ll*, and *Counſellor Lay——r*; and many others, whoſe Faces I did not well remember.

The **Murderers** were by this time grown void of all Patience, and ſo outragious, that they reſolv'd to be kept out no longer; and preſently who ſhould rowl in upon me, but *Bur——t*, *Winch———ſt*, *Fitzg———d*, Capt. *St——n—ly*, *Matt-Brinſ——n*; together with ſuch vaſt Numbers of *Mac*'s and *O*'s, that it was expected their thruſting and crowding, would have broke down all the Fences of my Apartments; whereupon, a luſty fat *Indian D——ll*, ſet up ſuch a Yell, for Peace and Order, that I thought verily he would have rent the Subterranean Regions aſunder; and a Council was immediately call'd for preſerving the Publick Peace. It was debated to give over the Show; but ſome being of Opinion, That it was both

both juſt and neceſſary, that the Curioſity of all Orders and Degrees of the D—n'd ſhould be ſatisfied, they proceeded; and the **Pyrates** inſiſted that they were the next in Turn, to which the **Coiners** of Falſe Money, objected, and demanded the Preference, as their Right: This put the D—lls upon great Difficulties, to determine the Diſpute; and at length it was agreed to be decided, by the Chance of *Croſs* and *Pile*, in the throwing up of a *Counterfeit Shilling*; and Fortune favouring the former, *Phill. Roche*, Capt. *Kid*, Capt. *Blackbeard*, alias *Teach*, Capt. *Low*, Capt. *Avery*, and Capt. *Robarts*, were before me in a Moment, all expreſſing their Wonder and Surprize at my Performances.

A little Copper-colour'd D—ll acquainted the Company, that he had juſt receiv'd a Petition, ſign'd *Arund—l C—ke*, Eſq; *Joſeph Blake* alias *Blueskin*, Gent. and *John Woodburn*, Labourer, complaining of the manifeſt Injuſtice done to the Petitioners, in their not being admitted along with the *Murderers*. They were call'd in and heard *Viva voce*. When *Counſ—r L—r*,

 addreſſing

addreſſing himſelf to Mr. *C—ke* ſaid, 'Brother Barriſter, I am aſham'd to 'find you underſtand the Laws and 'Cuſtoms of this Place no better, you 'Gentlemen who have done your Bu-'ſineſs ſo ſhamefully by *Halves*, to 'ſtand ſo pertinacioufly upon a Privi-'leges, which is not your due: And I '*humbly apprehend*, That all the *D—lls* 'in *H—ll*, cannot ſhew me a Prece-'dent, where any Favour was ſhewn 'to ſuch notorious *Bunglers*, as you 'have demonſtrated your ſelves, and 'I *humbly beg Leave* to offer my poor 'Opinion and Advice in the Matter, 'which is, that ſome Puniſhment may 'be inflicted, on Perſons who are ſo 'arrogant in their Demands; and ſo '*failing* in the Purpoſes, by which they 'ſhould have merited them.'

This Speech had great Weight, and they were all three order'd into Cuſtody; and the Aſſembly adjourn'd for two Hours, to conſider of a Puniſhment adequate to their Demerits. A very heavy Sentence was impos'd on *Blueskin*, as being the moſt heinous Offender, *viz.* he was order'd to be kept 100 Stories deep in the Ground, among

among *Belzebub's Candle-makers*, till he had perfected the three Things following, *viz.* 1. *Waſht* Julian, *the little Blackmore Boy White*, 2. *Made a Militia Captain fight a Duel.* 3. *Prevail'd on* Jonathan W—ld *to ſay his Prayers. Blueskin* with Tears, earneſtly beſought a Remiſſion of the laſt Article, as being the ſevereſt Part of his Sentence.

*Ar—del C—ke*, Eſq; had Judgment as follows, *viz.* That he ſhould ſtand engaged in a large Recognizance to our Liege Lord *Luciſer*, That *for the Space of twelve Calendar Months, a Wh—re ſhould not be conducted into* Gray's Inn, *nor the* Temple, *That not a Tittle of Treaſon ſhould be Chatter'd at* Ch—ds Coffee-Houſe *or the* C—t—a T—ee *for a Fortnight.* Mr. *C—ke* moved for a Mitigation, but to no Purpoſe, the *D——lls* all ratifying and Confirming the Sentence with loud and repeated Acclamations. *Woodburne* in regard of his Ignorance and Poverty, was diſmiſs'd with a Reprimand, and his own Recognizance taken for his better Behaviour for the Future.

During

During theſe Proceedings, I got ſome ſmall receſs, and had very comfortably refreſhed my ſelf, and learn'd ſundry Things relating to the Situation of the Place, Cuſtoms, Manners, *&c.* of the Inhabitants, and in particular of the Temper and Diſpoſition of our **Grand maſter**, before whom (I was informed) I ſhould be carried in a few Days for the Satisfaction of his Curioſity, but the Noiſe and Hurry, which the Throng at my Quarters had occaſioned, having reached his Ears: I was told he was confounded uneaſy thereat, grew jealous, and delared he thought himſelf unſafe, while ſuch a Fellow as my ſelf was in his Charge, and had ſent ſtrict Orders to all his *Turnkeys* and their *Aſſiſtants*, to double their Diligence, and to be extream careful when they lockt up.

All on a ſudden there was a horrid Outcry and Complaint, of a Stench of *Geneva*, inſomuch, that we were all in fear of being ſuffocated; and it was pleaſant enough to ſee the D——lls and others running about, holding their Noſes, and ſtopping their Mouths. Enquiry being made from whence

whence all this ſhould proceed, it was found that ſeveral Female *Hawkers* or *News-Cryers*, had at that Inſtant dropt down amongſt us, from the famous Brandy-Shop near the *One-Tun* in the *Strand*. A *Jury* was impannell'd, who brought in their Verdict *Felo de ſe*, they having turn'd up their *Whites* in an exceſs of Drinking

A very raw and unexperienced *D—ll* refus'd to receive the *Verdict*, ſaying, he was ſure they were with Child, as appear'd by their *Bulkineſs* about the Waſtes; upon which the Fore-man order'd them to be ſearch'd when there were found upon them many Bundles of *P——k——rs* and *Heath——t*'s *Halfpenny-Poſts*, *Blueskins* and my own *Dying Speeches*, and ſeveral other *Grub-ſtreet* Papers tuckt up in their blue Aprons. The People were all order'd away to *Lucifer*'s *Privy*, till they had recover'd their Senſes; and one of the *Dy——g Sp——ch Papers*, was order'd to be tranſlated into *Engliſh* and *Common Senſe* for his *Highneſs*'s Peruſal.

By

By this time the *Preſton* and *Dumblain* Clubs were come to viſit me, and carefully enquir'd after my Principles and Sentiments in Religious and Political Matters, I frankly declared my ſelf for *H——h C——h* and *O——d for ever*, as I had done before, and that though a Stripling, I had a large Share in demoliſhing *Burg——ſs*'s Meeting Houſe. On this they all clapt their Hands, and unanimouſly voted me a Member of their reſpective Societies; and a Gentleman who I obſerv'd to have a Coronet engrav'd on his Snuff-Box, whiſper'd me in the Ear, bidding me not to diſpair, ſaying there were Saws and Files there as well as elſewhere; and that when Matters were become a little eaſy, they deſign'd to practice me upon old *Lucifer*, as well to effect their Releaſe as my own; but charged me not to *whidle upon him.*

My old Neighbours, *Mother Wiſebourne*, and *Madam Boyle*, the *Royal Sovereign*, accompanied by *Sally Saliſbury*, and ſuch a Gang of Wh——es and B——ds of the Hundreds of *Drury*, came bullocking and ſcolding me, for

for my Ingratitude and Perfidy to *Beſs Lyon* (as they term'd it) that I was forc'd to call out on my Attendants to take them off, and not ſuffer me to be inſulted in that manner: But for all this, there was no quieting their Clacks, Mrs. *Wiſebourne* roaring out ſtill, that *it was now come Home to me for diſturbing her Damſels ſo often as I did, when ſhe was my oppoſite Neighbour.* Mrs. *Boyle* alſo reproach'd me, for diſturbing her at her Stand at the *Bumper-Tavern* Door: But before they could go away they relented, and ordered me half a Gallon of *Strike fire* for my Refreſhment.

Two Soul-hunters were come with expreſs Orders from *Lucifer*, for my Apartments to be clear'd in an Inſtant, of all Perſons whatſoever, his Highneſs attended by five Popes and fifty Cardinals, *&c.* being on his way to viſit me. Being arriv'd, he put on the moſt auſtere Countenance I ever beheld; and began to ask me divers Queſtions, relating to *Newgate* and *New Priſon*, of the Company there, *&c.* and I anſwering of him with my uſual Stammering, he grew out of Patience, and order'd a dozen Balls of Wild-fire to be ramm'd

down my Throat to clear my Utterance, and then proceeded to enquire in the moſt tender and affectionate Manner after *Jonathan W——d*, his Houſhold Iſſue, *&c.* and likewiſe of *Houſſare* the *French* Barber, asking whether he had diſcover'd any Signs of Penitence or not? Whether *James Shephard* the Coach Painter was my Relation, as he had boaſted? I anſwered both in the Negative. Next inquired, if I had not kept a Journal of my Proceedings *above*, I told him I had not, and that I muſt refer to my Memory for any farther Particulars his Highneſs ſhould be pleaſed to demand of me, but that I have left a *Narrative* with my *Executor*. His Highneſs ſeem'd to be well-pleas'd, and order'd me a Tun of *Plague-Water* for my Weeks Allowance, and then departed; leaving ſtrict Orders for them to take Care of me, and that Proclamation ſhould be immediately made throughout his Dominions, of the Capital Thieves of the four Great Nations, which was accordingly done by Sound of Trumpet, as follows, *viz.* John Sheppard principal Robber of *England*, Rob. Roy principal of *Scotland*, James Carrick principal of *Ireland*,

*Ireland*, and **Cartouche** principal of *France*. Bills were affix'd in all publick Places, to pay us the Reſpect due to theſe our Characters.

I had like to forgot telling you, that *Jack Footman* who leapt over the *Bail-Dock*, and *Holloway*, who tipt *Dick Sp—l—ng*, are order'd to ſtand ſeven Years up to their Chins in a Bog; for Mobbing and Abuſing a *Muſcovite* Merchant, who in his Life-time had imported vaſt Quantities of *Hemp* into *England*, from *Ruſſia* and *Sweden*; ſuch Enemies are thoſe Rogues ſtill to Trade and Commerce.

Mr. *App*—— I am at this Inſtant ſolliciting a Furlong for leave to ſtep abroad for two or three Nights in the Quality of a Ghoſt or Hobgoblin, and to make my Appearance in ſome Church-Yard at Midnight *without a Head*, or elſe *all in White*: But if I were to chuſe, I would rather do it in my own proper Colours, in the Town *juſt about Twilight*, or the *Duſk of the Evening*, and then perhaps I may come and take a Bottle with you. I ſhall be ſure to give you previous Notice when this is to happen,

that you may be ready to pop out first with it in your *Journal*, for I know that Priority is mightily contended for, and valued amongst you Intelligencers.

We have a Paper handed about, which makes a great Noise here; a Copy whereof I send for the Use of the Publick, *viz.*

## A Poetic Epistle from *Charon* to *J----n W--d*, occasion'd by his late Misfortune.

*Worthy* Cousin,

*Ferrying 'ore* Styx, *amidsts the D—n'd*
*I spy'd*
*A wretched Ghost, who in hollow Accents cry'd,*
*Curs'd be the Arm whose feeble force declin'd*
*An Act so advantageous to Mankind.*
*Had but the Blow successfully been given,*
*I cou'd've laught at Death, and smil'd at loss*
*of*—— Pluto

Pluto *at this, who near th'Lake ſupinely lay*

*Roſe, and Silence demands, forthwith each Ghoſt obey.*

*Then to the Sable Spectre in Accents mild,*
*The Cauſe requeſts, who had his Arm beguil'd,*
Bl—w—n *in Tranſport crys* Wi—d, Wi—d, Wi—d.

*The Infernal* Monarch *ſtarting, thus repl'y'd,*

Wi—d *did you expreſs; th'V--n ſhou'd have dy'd*

*As beſt behov'd his Crimes, but ſluggiſh Fate*

*Jogs on to ſlow, and Juſtice craves too late.*

*Free from groſs Earth, I thought he wou'd expire,*

*And crowding Audience his dying Words admire;*

*Not ſo dread Liege,* Bl—w—n *did interpoſe,*

*Rhetorick and* Wi—d *long ſince were mortal Foes,*

*But waving this, and to th'Theme proceeding,*

*When th'ſam'd R—ue in purple Streams lay bleeding,*

Had

*Had ebbing Life to diſtant Regions fled*
*A univerſal Joy in grateful Sounds wou'd ſpread,*
B—w- n *has th'noble Act perform'd,* W—d *is dead.*

*Enough, the Sooty* God *reply'd,*
*He that's to be hang'd,& fate hath fixt th'lot,*
*To all's Invulnerable but a H—p—n Knot,*
*No wonder then his Throat eſcap'd the Cut.*

From your humble Servant,

and affectionate Kinſman,

*Charon.*

I muſt

I muſt acquaint my old Friend *Jon———n* for his Conſolation, that his Name and Actions are held in the higheſt Eſteem and Veneration here; for when his late Misfortune happen'd, I have been told, all the *Militia* of theſe Territories were under Arms for ſeveral Days and Nights, to have receiv'd him with ſuitable Honours, and that there remain'd nothing but Noiſe and Confuſion, till his *Surgeons* had declar'd him out of Danger, when things return'd again to Peace and Order; and the Evidences who had been employ'd near a Week in airing his allotted Apartments with Brimſtone, were recall'd from that Service. A certain *D——ll* had been degraded and diveſted of his Authority for Male Adminiſtration as was pretended, but it was generally believ'd, that this Change had been artfully brought about by *Lucifer* without juſt Cauſe, and for no other Reaſon than to have conferr'd that Dignity on Mr. *W--d* in Caſe he had arriv'd at the Time he was expected; his *Phyz*, *&c.* being ſo notably adapted to that high Station.

Juſt

Juſt now there is come down upon us, a glut of a Club of People call'd *Gormogons*, theſe together with another Society called *Guzzletonians*, are daily pouring in, moſt of them *fever'd* to the higheſt Degree, occaſion'd as it is ſaid by their inceſſant Debauches. Our People are much divided in their Sentiments about a proper Place for repoſiting them in, and are under dreadful Apprehenſions of the Place's being overrun with Drunkards, ſince two ſuch worthy Societies are eſtabliſh'd in *London*. A *Free-Maſon* or two alſo now and then drops down in their *Gloves* and *Aprons*, theſe are uſually ſent away to repair the Fortifications of *Brandipoly*.

*Houſſ—re* the *French* Barber is at length arriv'd amongſt us, I have not as yet had any Opportunity of any Converſation with him. I hear our Infernal Monarch highly expreſſed his Satisfaction, at his leaving the World with a Load of Lies in his Mouth, and has thereupon been ſo Gracious, as to order him a Reſidence among the five lying Jeſuits, *viz. White-bread*, *Gavan*, *Harcourt*, *Ireland*, and *Grove*. The *Faculty*

*ty* got about his Ears, and inſulted him barbarouſly for his ſtyling himſelf *Surgeon*, becauſe it appear'd by the Teſtimony of nine *Iriſhmen*, that he was bred a Penny *Barber* in the Town of *Maeſtricht*. He was alſo ſeverely reprimanded for not exerciſing his Razor upon the Gullet of the *Ale-Houſe Boy*, who had caus'd him to be brought ſo expeditiouſly to Juſtice, when he might otherwiſe have remained many Years longer in the World in his Highneſs's Service.

The ſubtle *Gaſconade* in his Defence, pleaded, That even the famous **Jack Sheppard** had ſuffer'd himſelf to be diſcover'd and cut off by an *Ale-houſe Boy*. **Lucifer** has order'd this Particular to be enquir'd into; ſo that I am like to be finely off, along with this *French* informing Son of a Wh—re, and 'tis ten to one, but both of us will be ſentenc'd, to be thrown into a brewing Copper for twenty Years, with ten Thouſand Alehouſe Boys to rattle their Pots over our Heads all the Time; this is what the Political Part of the People ſay, will be our Fate, if theſe Facts be proved upon us in a judicial Way.

The famous *Night Scene* of *Harlequin Sheppard*, is the Subject of much Converſation here. Old *Gild*——*n* the Poet is by Lucifer's Command, writing Remarks and Criticiſms upon it, which will be ſold at all the *Pamphlet* Shops in Styx. we were told of the crowded Audiences, at this celebrated Performance on the Stage; and though the People of Quality were all frighted away, their Places were ſufficiently ſupplied with the *Buttucks* and *Files* of the *Hundreds*; nay, a *D*——*l* whoſe Word may be depended on, has declar'd that the Claps from the Twelve-penny Gallery were heard into this Place. A polite *D*——*l* has expreſſed his Concern at the Degeneracy of the Stage, and the ill Taſte of the Town,

The Tragedy of *Caſar* in *Ægypt* has likewiſe been many Days under Conſideration, and *Lucifer* is entirely of Opinion, that the Remarks on this doughty Piece in the *Weekly-Journal*, are judiciouſly wrote, and has order'd a Sentence of Dam——n to be paſs'd on that as well as the *Night Scene*, and a *Quorum* of

*D*——*lls*

*D——lls* to take Cognizance of them accordingly. This is the Fate of thoſe celebrated Performances of my old Acquaintance and Neighbour; and every one here blames his Conduct, in not Dedicating the Firſt to *Lucifer*, ſeeing no one elſe would patronize it above.

At this Inſtant we are all Joy and Tranſport, the Popiſh Clergy having been this Morning to congratulate his Scoty Majeſty, on the horrid Maſſacre at *Thorn*, (as I think they call it,) a City in *Saxony*; and publick Rejoycings are ordered to be made hereupon, for forty Days and Nights ſucceſſively; and the *D——lls* being enjoyn'd to be continually drinking the Healths of the Actors of this bloody Tragedy, you would ſplit your Sides, to hear how they ſtammer and blunder out the hard Names of *Lumb——ski*, *D——ll——cki*, &c.

The Chairman of the *October-Club*, with an old miſerable *B——n——t* is newly arriv'd here, the laſt of which has ſet the whole Lake in an Uproar, complaining of his miſſing above 300,000 *l.*

of

of his Money, and charg'd me and *Blueskin* with robbing him of the Sum; he call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, to make our *Mittimus*'s to *Newgate*, till the *Misers*, his Friends hover'd about him, and made him ſenſible of his Miſtake and preſent Condition; though his Intellects are clear'd up, the old Gentleman is confoundedly uneaſy at his Situation, and wants to be gone Home again to do ſome Acts of Charity, which the hurry of Buſineſs (as he ſays) had made him to forget in his Life-time.

The firſt *Gentleman* and Baron *Go——tz*, I obſerve, are inſeparable Companions, and there is conſtantly ſuch a Gang of *Tories* at their Levy, as has given Lucifer great Apprehenſions that there is a Conſpiracy againſt his Government.

There goes a current Report, of *Sally Sa——l—y*'s being pregnant by three *De——lls*, but what Truth there is in it, a few Months will determine; in the mean time ſhe hath obtain'd a Permiſſion to keep a *Sulphur Shop* in Copartnerſhip with *Moll Raby*, which Act of Favour ſeems a little to corroborate the

Story

Story. This is all the News this Place at preſent affords. I beg you to go to my old Lodging, and remember me to all Friends there. I expect in return, you will ſend the freſheſt Advices both *Foreign* and *Domeſtick* by Capt. *Towers*, by which you will oblige

*Your Friend and*

*humble Servant,*

Styr. John Sheppard.

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*F I N I S.*